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COMPANIONS FOR A QUIET HOUR

HYMNS
OF THE
PRESENT CENTURY
FROM THE GERMAN



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COMPANIONS FOR A QUIET HOUR.



VIII.

Hymns of the Present Century.

From the German.

Companions for a Quiet Hour.



I.

A COMPANION TO THE LORD'S TABLE.

II.

PRIVATE THOUGHTS ON RELIGION.

III.

AN INFALLIBLE WAY TO CONTENTMENT.

IV.

LUTHER'S TABLE TALK.

V.

A COLLECTION OF THE PROMISES OF
SCRIPTURE.

VI.

THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

VII.

SONGS OF SPIRITUAL THOUGHT.

Companions for a Quiet Hour.

HYMNS
OF THE
PRESENT CENTURY
FROM THE GERMAN.

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

THE REV. JOHN KELLY,

Editor of the "PRESENT DAY TRACTS,"

Translator of PAUL GERHARDT'S "SPIRITUAL SONGS," ETC.



THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY:
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PREFACE.

THIS collection is entirely composed of hymns written or first published in the nineteenth century. The reasons which have led the translator to confine himself to this period are, because many of the sacred poets of the time take a high place on their own merits among the Christian singers of Germany; and because a large number of the writers and hymns of this period are unknown to English readers. Some of the most popular ones in Germany to-day seem to have attracted little or no attention in our own country.

This limitation of the area of choice gives its distinctive character to the present collection of German hymn translations. Within the period chosen, the translator has been guided in his selection by the devotional and practical

Preface.

purpose of the series of 'COMPANIONS FOR A QUIET HOUR.'

No attempt has been made to include samples of the hymns of all, even of the good writers of the time, nor all the best hymns of any one writer. The original metres have not always been retained ; while some of the hymns have been abridged by the omission of stanzas, and others by condensation. The translator has aimed at reproducing the spirit of the originals, and giving a faithful rendering of the sense, but has avoided any conscious sacrifice of euphony to close literal fidelity. Two only of the following translations ('Return again,' and 'Dwell in Christ,') have ever appeared in print before. A Biographical Index gives information, in a brief and condensed form, about the various writers.

The hymns have been taken from the following collections :

'*In der Stille*,' von Karl Sudhoff. Breslau, 1853 ; '*Leben und Heimath in Gott*,' Herausgegeben von Julius Hammer, Neunte Aufgabe, Leipzig ; '*Geistliche Lieder im Neunzehnten*

Preface.

Jahrhundert,' Herausgegeben von Otto Kraus. Gütersloh, 1879; '*Geistliches Liederbuch*,' von J. P. Lange; Zürich, 1854; also from the original works of Arndt, Gerok, Knak, Knapp, A. von Droste-Hülshoff, Spitta, etc.

The biographical information has been derived from articles on some of the authors in Herzog's '*Real-Encyclopädie für Protestantische Theologie und Kirche*.' Leipzig, 1877-1884; Koenig's '*Deutsche Litteratur-Geschichte*,' 15te Aufgabe, 1883; from the biographical sketches in Kraus's '*Geistliche Lieder im 19ten Jahrhundert*,' and the notices in Sudhoff's '*In der Stille*,' Knapp's '*Evangelischer Liederschatz*,' etc.; and also from the larger separate biographies of several of the poets.

In one or two instances the translator has not been able to obtain any details about the writers.

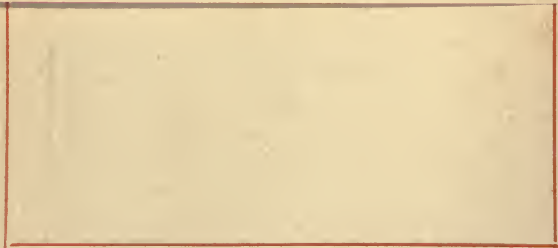
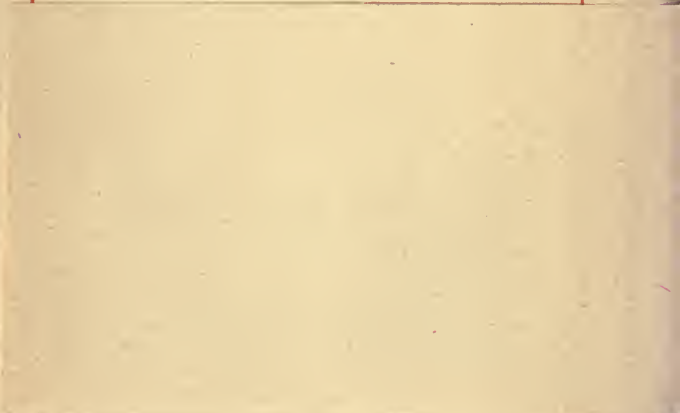
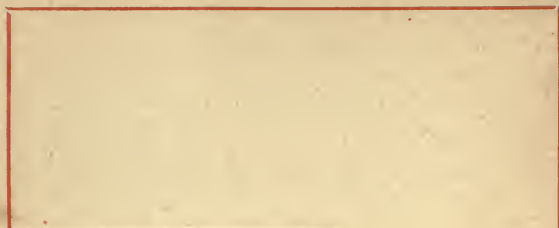


INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

ERRATA.

- Page 28, last line, *for* 'arise,' *read* 'rise.'
- „ 69, 1st verse, last line, *read*
 'And I once more shall joyful be.'
- „ 87, 7th line from bottom, *for* 'The life eternal,' *read*
 'The Life eternal.'
- „ 112, 2nd verse, 4th line, *for* 'wise man's star,' *read*
 'wise men's star.'
- „ 121, 8th line from bottom, *for* 'Von,' *read* 'Vom.'
- „ 121, 2nd line from bottom, *for* 'Mlietsch,' *read*
 'Milietsch.'

I've ventured, and I'll venture still	42
Jesu be with thee in all thy ways	53
Jesus, everlasting Sun	25
Let me go ! Ah, let me go	33
Lord, who within my inmost heart aye dwellest	102
'Neath Mount Olive's lonely shade	22
O Father, faithful God, to Thee	13
O fools, if you your God behold	92



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Hymns of the Present Century.



BETHEL.

WHERE is thy Bethel? where the gate of
heaven?

Where heaven itself doth open o'er thy head ;
Where, as in Jacob's heart, from God's Word
given,

The dew of heaven into thy heart is shed.
Where is thy Bethel, Christian, tell me where?
'Thou know'st full well,—thy chamber, it is
there !

'Tis there where Jesus evermore bestoweth
His peace unspeakable upon thy soul,
Where from His wounds anew there ever
floweth

The only balm that makes the sin-sick whole,
The faithful Lord delights to see thee there,
And hastes to meet thee at thine hour of
prayer.

Hymns of the Present Century.

Then cease from idle sorrow, cease thy
grieving,
Thou hast enough, — this cordial left to
thee,—
Thou hast enough, canst thou, this vain world
leaving,
The Master's coming in thy closet see !
Into thy chamber comes the Lord of all,
And 'Peace be with thee,' unto thee doth
call.

So, as of old, the blessèd Master goeth,
Through bolted doors, disciples' hearts to
cheer,
Yet there's another place, my soul well
knoweth,
Though it be small, that is to Him more
dear ;
Thrice happy Christian ! thou too know'st it
well,
Thy heart's the place where Christ doth love
to dwell.

ADOLF MORAHT.

To the Trinity.

TO THE TRINITY.

O FATHER, faithful God, to Thee,
Through all my life I'll faithful be !
Temptation may my heart assail,
Oh ! may Thy grace o'er all prevail.

O Jesus, Son of God, to Thee
My life shall all devoted be !
Oh, may I constant aye remain,
'Neath every cross, in every pain.

O Holy Spirit, strength bestow,
And guide me on my path below !
Light, strength, and comfort come from Thee,
Praise God, the blessed Trinity.

AUGUST HERMANN WALTER.

Hymns of the Present Century.

THE ADVENT OF CHRIST.

THE Lord doth in His kingdom come,
Exalt and magnify His name :
Throw open heart and gate to Him,
And bring Him in with loud acclaim.

God comes in human nature clad,
With spirit meek, of low degree ;
That He from Satan's tyranny,
Death, sin, and hell, may make us free.

He comes with grace and saving health,
And maketh all the world His prey,
And cries, 'Awake, the kingdom's nigh,
The night is gone—come is the day.'

The Lord thus entered Zion's gate,
That looked for Him so long before ;
Yet Zion spurned His offered grace,
And He to judgment gave her o'er.

The Advent of Christ.

And now He unto us hath turned,
To heathens who God did not know,
In matchless friendship and in grace,
To comfort us in our deep woe.

E'en us hath He His people made,
Then fled the night and dawned the day,
And year by year He comes again,
That full salvation taste we may.

He comes to His inheritance,
Then praise and bless His royal name,
And open now your heart to Him,
And bring Him in with loud acclaim.

Cast on the ground beneath His feet,
The garment of self-righteousness ;
His vict'ry hath our vict'ry won,
His name in psalms of triumph bless.

He brings the treasures of His grace,
He will our guilt and fear remove,
Will form us in His image fair,
Abounding in all good and love.

Hymns of the Present Century.

Admit Him in thy soul and heart,
That He may reign unrivalled there ;
Cast out His every enemy,
Thy heart for His abode prepare.

That He may gladly be confessed,
His throne among us honoured be ;
His word both town and country rule,
His Spirit keep in unity.

To help and comfort us prepared,
Of kindness full, still cometh He ;
To judgment one day will He come,
And flames His countenance will be.

Then will the trump of God be heard,
And all must stand before His face,
The last great separation there,
That ne'er shall end, will then take place.

Woe there to him who here despised
The Lord, the Helper, to the last ;
His heart will quake with mortal fear,
When into outer darkness cast.

A Stranger on the Earth.

But bless'd indeed the man will be,
Who then the word of grace doth know,
That God hath bought him with a price,
He into endless bliss shall go.

O Lord and King, Thou Jesus Christ,
While lingereth Salvation's day ;
Come Thou, and make all erring ones
The subjects of Thy grace for aye.

VICTOR VON STRAUSS.



A STRANGER ON THE EARTH.

STRANGER, who from out the bosom
Of the Father camest ^hhere,
And our human nature wearing
Didst in servant's form appear ;
Who beneath the homely raiment
Of the pilgrim Thou didst wear,
Didst the fulness of the Godhead
And the star of glory bear !

Hymns of the Present Century.

Stranger e'en amid the people
Who with palms Thy coming hailed,
While the clouds of deep delusion
From their eyes Messiah veiled ;
Who when pains and sickness troubled,
Gladly grasped Thy helping hand,
But Thy heart divine could never,
Nor Thy sayings understand !

'Mid the Pharisees a stranger,
Whom Thy glance so terrified,
Through a host of spies unspotted
And in silence Thou didst glide,
As through clouds the moon all spotless
In her nightly journey goes,
And amid the thorns aye bloometh
The sweet chalice of the rose !

Stranger, e'en amid disciples
Who acknowledged Thee as Lord,
Whose deep folly Thou hadst often
To reprove by deed and word ;

A Stranger on the Earth.

Whom Thou thoughtest on with sorrow
As Thy work drew to an end,
'Much remaineth still to tell you,
But ye cannot comprehend !'

Stranger on the earth so beauteous
That few roses bore for Thee,
But fatigue and tribulation,
Thorns and thistles, plenteously !
For their holes have e'en the foxes,
And their nests the fowls of air,
But the Son of Man to rest on
Hath no pillow anywhere !

Stranger, in the night appearing,
And departing secretly,
E'en Thine own were horror-stricken
As Thou hungest on the tree ;
Who didst in the grave, when empty,
Let the blood-stained linen lie,
Who upon a cloud wast carried
Upwards through the azure sky !

Hymns of the Present Century.

Stranger still, though nigh two thousand
Years have vanished quite away,
And though myriads of Thy people
Kneel around Thy cross and pray,
Where so many do not know Thee,
For their minds' eyes sightless are,
Thousands with the lips confess Thee,
Yet in heart from Thee are far !

Mighty Stranger, give the spirit
Of a stranger here to me,
That I with Thy peace o'erflowing
May a pilgrim gladly be ;
Goes my path o'er barren moorland,
Doth it lead through flow'ry ways ?
May I look in joy and sorrow
Upwards with untroubled gaze !

Mid the blinded must I travel
Friendless on my heav'nward way,
Every holy thought concealing,
Or be mocked at day by day ?

A Stranger on the Earth.

Let me not the world seek after
That the best doth aye repel,
As a paradise within me
Oh, may Thy salvation dwell !

When the pleasant bonds are severed
That have cheered my pilgrim way,
And when loving hearts mistake me,
Friendly eyes are closed for aye ;
When my quiet wounds are bleeding,
And none treads the press with me,
Let me, one with Thee in spirit,
Though alone, not lonely be !

Blindly in the lap of others,
Earthly luck casts garlands fair,
In the Spring, so rich in blossom,
Stand my trees of blossom bare ;
Let me never grieve for trifles,
Keep Thou, Lord, my mind and heart,
With the peace the world can never
Take from me, nor e'er impart.

Hymns of the Present Century.

Stranger, from the ranks of angels,
Who didst on the earth appear,
That I be a free man yonder,
May I be a pilgrim here !
Here with Thee in God now hidden,
Nothing worth in human sight ;
There, upon the great to-morrow,
Openly a child of light !

KARL VON GEROK.



THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

'NEATH Mount Olive's lonely shade,
In My dire extremity,
When in agony I prayed,
Drops of blood I sweat for thee !
Who, alas ! can say that thou
Even thinkest on Me now ?

The Sufferings of Christ.

Cruel scourgings did I bear,
Wounds on wounds afflicted Me,
Let the angel hosts declare
All the wounds I bore for thee;
Who, alas ! can say that thou
Even thinkest on Me now?

Pierced My brow the crown of thorn,
Purple robe they put on Me,
And a reed they gave in scorn,
Lo ! e'en then I thought of thee;
Who, alas ! can say that thou
Even thinkest on Me now?

Circled by the thorny crown,
I to shameful death was sent,
'Neath the heavy cross bowed down,
To the Mount for thee I went ;
Who, alas ! can say that thou
Even thinkest on Me now?

Hymns of the Present Century.

Fastened to the cross, behold !
Nails of iron holding Me,
In a sea of woe untold,
Laid I down My life for thee ;
Who, alas ! can say that thou
Even thinkest on Me now ?

Pierced My heart the soldier's spear,
Freely flowed My blood from Me,
Thence each hour and moment here
Living water flows for thee ;
Who, alas ! can say that thou
Even thinkest on Me now ?

See My open wounds that bled,
All my blood has flowed from Me,
Every drop of it I've shed
Out of purest love for thee ;
Who, alas ! can say that thou
Even thinkest on Me now ?

CLEMENS BRENTANO.

Praise of Jesus.

PRAISE OF JESUS.

JESUS, everlasting Sun,
Fount, whose bliss no limit knows,
Prince, who peace for men hast won
Sea, whose glory overflows ;
Treasure, for God's own prepared,
Over all exalted high !
Thou our low estate hast shared,
That we all might be brought nigh.

Art Thou fairer, throned above,
Angels ever praising Thee,
Image of Thy Father's love,
Or as Saviour on the tree ;
Stained with blood, and pale and mild,
In Thy dying agony,
Wooing me, God's erring child ?
Thou art fair—in death—on high !

Hymns of the Present Century.

Yet where Thou, O Lamb ! below,
Moved by deepest sympathy,
Didst Thyself as Saviour show,
Where to deepest misery,
Thou to save the world didst bow,
There, O Lamb ! upon the tree,
'Neath the crown of thorns dost Thou
Shine in purest light to me.

Him who loveth self and ease,
Who the Spirit doth despise,
Thou, O Lord ! canst never please ;
Only to the mourner's eyes,
And to those who trial know,
Shineth forth Thy light of grace.
Dawn doth rise near death below,
Gladdening the pilgrim's face.

When the end is drawing nigh,
When the sun no longer cheers,
While he still doth pray and sigh,
Then to him Thy life appears.

Praise of Jesus.

Honoured much by such a heart,
Are Thy tears and agonies ;
With the gifts Thou dost impart,
Thou art precious in his eyes.

'Fore all worlds Thy cross by me
Is esteemed, O Love Divine !
Yes, whoever findeth Thee,
And becometh wholly Thine,
Hath the true abiding rest ;
Thou alone true light canst give,
By none else is life possessed,
But by those in Thee who live.

Flow, of joy pérennial spring,
Sun of life, shine in my heart,
Let me ever to Thee cling,
Never more from Thee depart.
Then I'll pleasing be to Thee,
Then, yes then, 'twill be well done,
Thine, mine earthly life shall be,
Mine, the ages yet to run.

ALBERT KNAPP.

Hymns of the Present Century.

THE ASCENSION.

VICTOR doth my Lord arise,
He His course on earth hath run,
He the serpent's head hath bruised,
Life eternal for us won.

Fruitless, Satan, is thy rage,
Trembleth now thine ancient throne,
Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Hath to-day thy power o'erthrown.

He ascended upon high,
In our flesh and blood arrayed ;
Sinners, yet His brethren, we
Sons and heirs of God are made.

We shall see Him once again,
See Him even with these eyes,
And this dust that moulders soon,
Incorruptible shall arise.

MAXIMILIAN VON SCHENKENDORF.

To my Saviour.

TO MY SAVIOUR.

IF, Jesus Christ, my Saviour,
Without Thee I should be,
If, born in sin's dark fetters,
I nothing knew of Thee !
If, in its prison barriers,
And lonely in its might,
I pined away in sadness,
How wretched were my plight !

Thou comest, full of pity,
With grace and peace to me,
Despisest not Thy poor one,
And drawest me to Thee ?
To comfort me Thou callest,
'Forgiven is thy sin,
Through Me thou canst, O sinner,
Have peace thy soul within.'

Hymns of the Present Century.

O Son of God, Thou call'st me,
To-day before Thy face,
I come in fear and trembling
Unto Thy throne of grace.
Beneath sin's heavy burden
And curse I'm standing here,
By grace in Thy book written
Yet doth my name appear.

Lord, from my heart I pray Thee,
Be gracious unto me !
From all corrupt affection,
Oh ! make me wholly free !
And by Thy blessed Spirit
Encompassed may I be,
That, to Thee clinging, nothing
May sever me from Thee.

'Tis as if through and through me
There thrilled Thy mighty love,
As if there hovered o'er me
Of peace the gracious Dove.

Christ All in All.

Stretch out Thy hand unto me,
‘Mine art Thou!’ say to me ;
Lord, keep me ever faithful !
How blessed shall I be!

HEINRICH LEITLOFF

CHRIST ALL IN ALL.

THE less I am, the more Thou art,
Oh Jesus, humble me,
Take Thou possession of my heart,
Thy dwelling let it be !

The more I am, the less Thou art,—
If I to self am all,
I'll lightly Thee esteem at heart,
A prey to guile I'll fall.

Thou, Saviour, wilt be all or nought,
Be all in all to me,
Alas ! how much in me is wrought,
That cometh not from Thee.

Hymns of the Present Century.

Down from each lofty height of pride,
May I be cast by Thee,
That dead to self and crucified,
I to the world may be.

That Thou within me, Lord, may'st grow,
Oh let me little be,
Then what the world can ne'er bestow,
I'll ever find in Thee.

'Then I'll be rich, for rich art Thou,
And great I'll be like Thee;
I'll be in Thee, my Lord, e'en now
From death and sin set free.

The less I am, the more Thou art,
Oh, Jesus, humble me,
Take Thou possession of my heart,
Thy dwelling let it be!

ADOLF MORAHT.

Let me go !

LET ME GO !

LET me go ! Ah, let me go !
That I may with Jesus be,
For my soul is all a-glow
'Fore His throne for aye to be,
And the Lord to see and know.

Sweetest Light, ah ! sweetest Light !
Sun that through the clouds dost shine !
When shall I Thy face so bright
See with myriad saints of Thine,
Who in Thee for aye delight ?

Sweet, how very sweet for aye,
Is the angels' song on high :
Had I wings, far far away
Over hill and dale I'd fly,
E'en to Zion's heights to-day.

Hymns of the Present Century.

Say—how will it with me be
When I enter Salem's gates?
When its golden streets I see,
What the joy my soul awaits
Here on earth transcendeth me.

Paradise! thou land of day,
Precious is thy fruit,—'twill seem,
When beneath Thy trees I stray,
As if I were in a dream,—
Bring me thither, Lord, I pray.

~ GUSTAV KNAK.



GOD'S SON ALONE!

AND dost thou always love proclaim?
And ever in the self-same tone?
And must thy song be aye the same—
God's Son alone, God's Son alone?
Must He thy light, thy glory be?
And He thine all, and only He?

God's Son Alone.

Yes, He alone : e'en in this name,
In this the fullest, sweetest tone,
The Heaven of Heavens, Amen, proclaim,
And Holy, Holy, of the Son
Sounds forth, and angel hosts before
His face fall prostrate and adore.

Yes, He alone : as far as blow
The winds of heaven, the free earth round,
The news that God's own Son below
As man was born must aye resound ;
The ear can hear no sweeter tone,
Than of and from the Son alone.

No ! ne'er another song than this
The sin-sick heart can learn again,
It will extol nought but the bliss
Of that deep longing and the pain
Of God's incarnate Son,—this be
Our only song, our melody !

Hymns of the Present Century.

Thou art the Song, the love of love,
Desire of loving hearts below ;
Thou Light of lights, from heaven above,
To earth through Thee true joy doth flow :
My heart extols Thy majesty
From henceforth to eternity !

ERNST MORITZ ARNDT.



IN THE NAME OF JESUS.

WRITE something I would fain
That shall for aye remain ;
All other works are for a day—
Time only weareth them away.

Love something I would fain
That doth for aye remain ;
For love itself expelled from me
By other impulses will be.

Dwell in Christ.

To everlasting days
My life I fain would raise ;
For every other effort tends
To death, and in death ever ends.

Hence do I write one name,
Hence do I love one name,
And in one love I live alway—
'Tis JESU's name, Amen, then say !

CLEMENS BRENTANO.



DWELL IN CHRIST.

DWELL in Christ, who once descended
From above through love of thee ;
Who a thousand pangs endured
In thy pains to succour thee ;
Dwell in Him, who ever liveth
When all else shall pass away,
And when all to dust returneth,
Who shall triumph then for aye.

Hymns of the Present Century.

All shall perish, hearts be broken,
That thou loved'st fondly here ;
And the mouth shall cease from speaking
That spake often words of cheer ;
And the arm that oft protected,
Oft supported, stiff shall be ;
In the grave the eye be sleeping
That once fondly watched o'er thee.

All shall die ; the earthly findeth
In the earth a grave alway ;
All the joys of earth shall vanish,
And the heart itself decay ;
Earthly being, it shall perish ;
Flicker earthly flames and die ;
Earthly fetters shall be loosèd,
Earthly blooms fade utterly.

On the wreck of all things earthly
God is standing, and doth say,
Stay thyself on Me believing ;
Hope, love, banish fear away.

Faith.

Dwell in Him who ever liveth,
Lasting treasure who can give,
In the book of life He'll write thee,
In Him do thou ever live.

K. J. P. SPITTA.



FAITH.

FAITH is a fire that riseth
To heaven from hearts on earth,
And every spark emitted.
By it hath equal worth;
And greater will it ever grow
If Thou dost care enough bestow.

Faith is an eye that looketh
To Jesus Christ on high,
Christ to the soul that longeth
For Him it bringeth nigh:
It is an eye oft dimmed by tears
That cannot rest till light appears.

Hymns of the Present Century.

Faith is a hand that graspeth
The Saviour's grace and power,
And when it failure feareth
In sore temptation's hour,
Yet doth the Lord uphold it still,
And kept by Him hold fast it will.

Faith is the foot that brings us
To Christ our Saviour nigh,
Though slowly it progresseseth,
Yet onward doth it hie:
The Saviour comes to meet His own,
Who yield themselves to Him alone.

KARL STEIGER.



' I THIRST.'

THOU fountain for the panting heart
Thou well of comfort day by day,
Dost strength to weary ones impart,
And all soul thirst dost Thou allay.

‘I Thirst.’

So rich in gifts, in grace so free,
For cooling draught now longest Thou,
Thou call'st to those who wait on Thee,
‘I thirst,’ Thy lips to moisten now.

When all Thy strength at that last hour,
Had ebbèd away, oh happy he
Who at Thy gracious word had power
To bring Thy last draught unto Thee !
Thrice blessèd he who in our day
Can water freely bring to Thee !
’Tis he who freely gives away
To brethren in extremity.

Were I to dig deep wells I’d find
No water worthy of Thee still,
But when I with a lowly mind,
Thy wish upon the cross fulfil,
Then do I give the Lord to drink,
I share my piece of bread with Thee,
And Thou in love on me wilt think
When comes my last extremity.

Hymns of the Present Century.

Most Holy One ! Thy thirst is o'er,
No heat oppresseth Thee again,
The hosts of heaven Thy name adore,
As Lord who over all dost reign :
Yet we,—we thirst ; of Thine own grace
We long to taste the heavenly dew.
Ah ! from my soul all fears now chase,
That I Thy wonders, Lord, may view.

KARL RUDOLF HAGENBACH.



I'VE VENTURED,
AND I'LL VENTURE STILL !
I've ventured, and I'll venture still,
God's faithfulness is my soul's stay ;
Whate'er the world may say or do,
Anew I'll venture every day.
On the Unseen I'll fix mine eye,
All that is seen dissolved must be ;
On the Unseen I will rely,
And my great Saviour I shall see.

E'be ventured and I'll venture still!

The yonder hidden in us lies,
In every heart-beat lives away,
Its morn doth in our spirit glow,
And in our spirit shines its day.
On high is done the Father's will,
So let it e'er on earth be found ;
How can we e'er this word fulfil,
If we're not on eternal ground?

Amid the stream of ages we
Upon this Rock securely stand,
What every hour proclaims to us
Why should we seek on every hand?
Such measure of God's grace and light
Adorneth our poor lives below,
And all of us doth God invite,
And yet to come to Him how slow

The joyful messengers of life
Speed onward still from shore to shore,
Yet in our earthly folly we
Of dying speak for evermore.

Hymns of the Present Century.

That nothing breaketh but the chain,
We feel not in our griefs and woes,
While in unmeasured streams again
One life into the other flows.

A man and wife together bound,
Go through their lives by God's decree,
So He who died upon the cross
Will to His people faithful be :
He'll cherish, nourish, and provide,
As only loving husband will,
He will as Head the members guide,
And as His body keep them still.

Hath Christ confessed a greater love,
In any words He uttered here ?
The gate of heaven is opened wide,
And now the mystery is clear.
O human soul thrice blessed who
This riddle's wealth dost apprehend !
And what it still conceals from view
Dost gladly 'neath its burden bend.

In the Light of the Cross.

A blessed bond encircles us,
Who wander still in twilight here,
And those who have attained to sight,
And 'fore God's glorious throne appear,
Until in faith and knowledge we
To the same strength attain for aye,
And in death's hour of mystery,
Earth's last dark clouds shall flee away.

ALBERT ZELLER.



IN THE LIGHT OF THE CROSS.

IN the light, Lord, of Thy cross
May I this world ever see ;
While with Thee I walk in faith,
True and fearless may I be.

Whence my Saviour crowned with thorns,
Went rejected scornfully,
In the world that hates Thy name,
I at home will never be !

Hymns of the Present Century.

Shall I pitch my tent on earth,
Shall I seek for earthly gain,
Where for my transgressions broke,
Once Thy heart in fear and pain?

Let the dread severity
Of Thy cross, Lord, stir my heart,
That with Thee I die and live,
Never more from Thee depart.

Then, Lord, I return with Thee
Once more to the world below
Not to seek its happiness,
But Thine own peace to bestow.

J. P. LANGE.



Thou hast the Words of Eternal Life.

‘THOU HAST THE WORDS OF
ETERNAL LIFE.’

WHITHER, Saviour, shall I flee?

Who my confidence shall be?

Where can I find comfort now?

Who can cheer my drooping heart?

Who can life and strength impart?

Words of life hast only Thou.

Earthly joys that pass away,

Pleasures lasting but a day,

Anxious care and toil and strife,

Bitter murmurs, deep-drawn sighs,

From o’erburdened hearts that rise,—

Not in these consisteth life.

’Tis as conqueror to go,

Through the storms of life below,

With the Lord at rest to be;

Hymns of the Present Century.

Life is faith, and hope, and love,
'Tis the opened heaven above—
Death as vanquished foe to see.

Life is on the narrow way
Pressing forward day by day,
By the grace of God e'en now;
And this blessèd life to live,
Thou Lord only, grace canst give,
Words of life hast only Thou!

AUGUST HERMANN WALTER.



LOVE TO THE SAVIOUR.

WERE thy Lord to ask thee now
If Thou lovest Him,
Would thy heart despondent bow,
And thine eye grow dim?

Come to the Saviour.

Hast thou aye into His power
Life surrendered quite,
In the dark and trying hour,
And when sun shone bright?

Hast thou followed thy good Lord
In the narrow way,
And according to His word
Done thy work each day?

Hast thou to the hungry given
Freely of thy bread?
As a guiding star to heaven
Hast thou wand'ers led?

To thy Saviour in the world
Hast thou faithful been?
Where His banner is unfurled
Art thou ever seen?

Doth the cross thy heart affright,
And death cause dismay?
For the good part with thy might
Dost thou strive alway?

Hymns of the Present Century.

If according to His Word
Thou this course pursue,
Then thy love to thy dear Lord
Will be owned as true.

Heart will not despondent bow,
Eyes will not grow dim,
Should thy Saviour ask Thee now
If thou lovest Him.

JULIUS STURM.



L O V E .

'Tis my comfort, whatsoe'er betide me,
That no suffering can from Christ divide me,
From His love no power of earth or hell,
That however grievous be the smart
Yet 'tis powerless o'er the human heart,
Where the love of Christ doth ever dwell.

Cobe.

Nought is lacking, if He never leave me ;
When He cheereth, nought can ever grieve
me :

All things that He ever doth are right,
If I only mention His dear name
Then my heart is, as it were, a-flame—
All the world is bathed then in the light.

Then His cross is as the bow of heaven
My horizon to encircle given,
There it stands, where'er I turn mine eye,
Blessèd cross, whereon my Saviour hung,
Where His soul sin's bitter wages wrung
Clasp thee in mine arms now fain would I !

When my duty oft-times is depressing,
Then I pluck the flowers of richest blessing,
From His bitter death upon the tree ;
Then I strength so wonderful obtain
That the grievous work is sweet again,
For my Jesus hath commanded me.

Hymns of the Present Century.

Then no more in sorrow do I languish,
When I think of Jesu's earthly anguish,
And the path of suff'ring that He trod ;
Jesus Christ, my Lord, hath led the way,
How then can the thorns my heart dismay,
On the paths once trodden by my God?

He to tread the bitter way elected,
Then, weak fools, why shrink ye so dejected
From the path where pain and trouble
are?

Must I enter on the thorny way?
Then no terror shall my heart dismay,
For my Jesus can't from me be far.

Ah ! could I avoid this guise for ever !
Hush ! my heart, thine ardent wish should
never

Be divulged to any human ear.
Yes, it is my Lord and Saviour's will,
I must ever faithfully fulfil,—
'Tis my heart's wish while a dweller here.

Jesus Christ.

Patience then ! the hour that brings salvation
Will at last come for my consolation,
God hath ne'er to any one denied :
Until then I think, whate'er befall,
Nought can separate from Christ at all,
From His love no power can thee divide.

ANNETTE ELIZABETH, Baroness of Droste-Hülshoff.



JESUS CHRIST,

The same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.
JESU be with thee in all thy ways,
Jesu crown with blessing all thy days,
Jesu's face in favour shine on thee,
Jesu save thee from all injury.
Jesu be of all thy joy the spring,
Jesu's love in sorrow comfort bring ;
Jesu's blood be of thy soul the life,
Jesu's honour nerve thee for the strife.

Hymns of the Present Century.

Jesu's innocence hide all thy sin,
Jesu's image formèd be within,
Jesu's name shine clearly in thy heart,
Jesu's cross soothe in each bitter smart.
Jesu's hand guide thee in all thy ways,
Jesu hear thee when thy spirit prays,
Jesu of thy songs the keynote be,
Jesu give distaste of earth to thee.
Jesu be the longing of thy soul,
Jesu of thy weeping be the goal,
Jesu's will the food thou lovest best,
Jesu's word the staff that giveth rest,
Jesu be thy heaven e'en here each day,
Jesu bring thee into rest for aye !

GUSTAV KNAK.



Beneath the Starry Sky.

BENEATH THE STARRY SKY.

YE golden stars, now through the sky
In nightly courses circle ye,
With rapture follow you would I,
So bold, so great, so free :
How fair the lot and how divine
On earth with your mild rays to shine.

But 'neath the thought e'en to the earth
Once more bowed down am I ;
How small am I, how little worth !
Mid myriad worlds on high,
What doth it matter what befalls
A leaf that lives and fades and falls ?

Ah ! why should I for ever find
This nameless strife in me ?
How is it that my little mind
Should ever haunted be
By the eternal thought ye call
The Maker and the Lord of all ?

Hymns of the Present Century.

In Him I'd gladly joyful be,
And in the earth so fair,
And in myself, but cannot see
Trace of Him anywhere ;
Through blooming nature far and near,
The cry of pain and death I hear.

But fraught with comfort from on high,
The message came of love,
That He once came for us to die,
Who lives enthroned above,—
Came down His nature to make known,
And dwelt on earth mid men—alone.

Clad in the garb of poverty,
He suffered want below ;
With nought to charm the outward eye,
Yet did He overflow
With love and truth ; on earth He trod
A Son of man, and yet a God !

Beneath the Starry Sky.

His life a sacrifice He gave,
By sin quite undefiled,
The lost from all their guilt to save,
That every erring child
Might see once more His Father's face,
And taste His reconciling grace.

In such a form of purity,
So gentle and so near,
Doth He who made the worlds to me
In matchless grace appear ;
Now may I look to Him and trust,
He thinketh on me in the dust.

The gates of heaven itself stand ope
Before my wondering eyes,
Life's dark enigmas solve in hope ;
The Sun of grace doth rise,—
Illumineth mine onward way,
And turns mine eyes to endless day.

Hymns of the Present Century.

The wise men of the world would take
Sweet childlike faith away,
As, void of pity, robbers make
The pilgrim's staff their prey,
And leave the poor man in his woe,
For they no better booty know.

My homage to the Son of man,
As my life's God, would they
Forbid with all the power they can:
My longing Him for aye
In the embrace of love to fold,
In deep derision do they hold.

What have you in exchange to give
For what you take from me—
What strength, what comfort while I live?
Cold knowledge ne'er can be
A substitute for God, whose heart
Is full of love, who soothes each smart.

Beneath the Starry Sky.

Unto my heart He giveth peace,
And to my home above
He guides me where all troubles cease,
Inspireth me to love
And practise good, and teacheth me
Contented with my lot to be.

He cheereth me in this dark vale
With His bright morning ray,
That with a smile our faith doth hail,
That One in death who lay,
Now risen from the dead, hath brought
Eternal life to us unsought.

Shall I in this vain world of show,
Of longings deep unstilled,
Where men astray for ever go,
Their dreams all unfulfilled,—
Shall I salvation's ray despise,
In whose light all my hope aye lies?

Hymns of the Present Century.

Ah, no ! the mighty soul, who free
From every sinful stain,
Forgiving murder, contumely,
And death and life again
Uniting, bowed beneath the rod,
'This mighty soul is God, my God !

DIE VERBORGENE.



RETURN AGAIN.

RETURN again ! return again !
Thou who hast wandered far away,
And with thy load before the Lord
Fall down in penitence and pray.
As thou art, thou may'st draw nigh,
He in grace will hear thy cry.
Lo ! the Lord with consolation
Comes to meet thee and doth say,—
'Here is pardon and salvation,
Wanderer, no more delay !'

Return again.

Return, the busy crowd forsake,
And seek the shades of solitude,
New happiness awaits thee there,
Thine inward strength shall be renewed :
There the storms that terrified
Thy weak heart, shall soon subside ;
And the Spirit o'er thee yearning,
In thy heart shall warn thee there ;
And anew, to Jesus turning,
Thine allegiance thou shalt swear.

Return, thou wanderer, return !
Thy God is waiting to forgive ;
The deadly wounds that sin hath made
He'll heal, and thou shalt ever live.
Look to Him who from the tree
Stretcheth forth His arms to thee :
His compassion faileth never,
Bid thine anxious fears depart
Lest His wrath should burn for ever ;
Breaketh now for thee His heart.

Hymns of the Present Century.

Return again, new life receive !

His lovingkindness overflows,
For with the Lord forgiveness is,
He ever great forbearance shows.

Cleave to Him with all thine heart ;
He can comfort aye impart.

To thy Saviour now betake thee,
He can cleanse from every stain,
He can good and holy make thee,
Linger not, return again !

Return again, at length return

Into love's pure and happy home,
Come back to plenty out of want,
No longer mid illusions roam.

Falsehood now for truth forsake,
Light, thy choice—not darkness—make.
Death for life, and earth for heaven,
Even now renounce for aye ;
All that God this day hath given,
Take this moment—come to-day !

K. J. P. SPITTA

The Comforter.

THE COMFORTER.

THOU Spirit who dost life impart,
The pledge of glory in the skies,
The light and comfort of the heart,
Who from the Saviour's tomb dost rise,
Shed down upon us from above
By Jesus, Son of Man, in love :
Oh Holy Spirit, power Divine,
Prepare my heart to be Thy shrine !

Of old, descending from on high
In mighty rushing wind below,
Like tongues of fire to human eye
Didst Thou vouchsafe Thyself to show.
In silence and in secresy,
No sign, no veil concealing Thee,
Thou, breath of God the Lord, art here
On earth, now blowing far and near !

Gymns of the Present Century.

The Nazarene by men disowned,
Who lived on earth in poverty,
And on the Cross for sin atoned,
The Saviour of the world to be,
The hearts of men to purify,—
Him, mighty God, exalted high,
Whose heart with love doth ever glow,
'Tis Thine to glorify below.

Thou of His own dost ever take,
When Thou dost words of life reveal,
When Thou the hearts of men dost break,
As they now grief, now rapture feel,
The mirror of His Being Thou,
His words and works aye sealest now,
Bear witness that He loves and lives,
Bear witness, life to men He gives.

Yea, Thy convicting work within,
That e'en the heart's foundations shakes,
Like lightning flash revealing sin,
That haughty spirits humble makes,

The Comforter.

Warns us to bow before God's face.
The motions of Thy boundless grace
Give strength to knees that in the life
Of faith are weakened by the strife.

And what the world can never gain,
And no vain eye can ever see,
The heart shall aye from Thee obtain,
That from the lusts of earth doth flee ;
E'en peace that from the Cross doth spring,
The peace that stills all murmuring,
Clear knowledge of God's counsel wise,
Fruit of the Saviour's sacrifice.

What from the world we ne'er shall learn,
Thou teachest faith to do and be,
To pray till God to us shall turn,
To wait upon Him hopefully.
When, full of fears, the soul doth cry,
'Tis Thou, whose groans ascend on high,
And who 'fore God dost audience find,—
He ever knoweth all Thy mind.

Hymns of the Present Century.

What human will and earthly power
Can ne'er achieve, can ever be,
Without an effort, in the hour
Of grace, O Spirit, done by Thee.
Faith, love, repentance come from Thee,
With meekness and humility,
Whoe'er would change and cleanse his heart
Himself, in Thee can have no part.

Pledge of the Covenant so sure,
Breath of the Father's mouth art Thou,—
His Spirit, ever mild and pure,—
Come dwell within our hearts e'en now !
The soul and body, members, head,
Return again e'en from the dead,
Wherever, Lord, Thy power Divine
Its dwelling maketh and its shrine.

Who filled with strong desire would be,—
And to Thy throne of grace repair,
Soon from the Prince of Life, would Thee,
The highest good, obtain by prayer.

Invocation of the Holy Spirit.

Who, led by Thee, to see Christ's day
Themselves prepare, thrice happy they!
They bear Thee in untroubled heart,
When from this life they must depart.

Like stars of God that shine on high,
The followers of Christ shall be.
Ah! who from hence doth earnestly
Press to the year of Jubilee?
Teach us, O Lord, the world to shun,
And in the ways of Christ to run,
Unto our faith reveal Him here,
There may we 'fore His face appear.

ALBERT KNAPP.



INVOCATION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

O SPIRIT, Thou of love and might,
Who shieldest all for Christ who fight,
Dost comfort all depressed who be,
Strong Comforter, I call on Thee!

Hymns of the Present Century.

O Spirit of the Lord—mild star!
Whose gracious beams so friendly are,
Who causest darkness aye to flee,
Light from on high, I call on Thee!

I dwell beneath night's deepest shade,
Which sin my dark abode hath made:
I'm dwelling far away from Thee,
Where dread despair hath driven me.

My woes are rushing like a sea,
With all its billows, over me,
Whose angry ragings never cease,
Nor day nor night brings me release.

Come, Lord, do Thou my refuge be,
Come, Comforter, and comfort me,
Arise and shine, my gracious Light,
Illumine Thou the darksome night!

Thou Helper! when sin causeth fear,
Come speak to me that I may hear,
Plain to my understanding make
What Jesus Christ to sinners spake.

ghost, and breathe.

ard and love,

light from above!

reams arise in me,

joyful shall be.

ERNST MORITZ ARNDT.



Y GHOST, AND

THE!

Ghost, and breathe,

a heav'n above

s most holy ray!

ll of love,

f all to-day!

soul-visitor,

heav'nly oil,

rest the soul,

us in life's toil,

heart make whole.

Hymns of the Present Century.

Kindle in believing hearts
The pure light that comes from Thee;
Nought within the soul contained
Is from fault and error free
If Thy breathing be restrained.

Wash away what is not clean,
On the dry let rain descend,
What is wounded make Thou whole,
Warm the cold, the stubborn bend,
Turn again the erring soul.

From the fields of light above,
Upon us who trust in Thee,
Sevenfold streams of grace outpour:
Perfect us, and then may we
Feast on high for evermore.

MELCHIOR VON DIEPENBROCK.



Come, Holy Spirit!

‘COME, HOLY SPIRIT!’

COME, Holy Spirit, let me be
A temple sacred unto Thee !
Thy power and gifts on me bestow,
What better could I have below?

Give me an understanding heart,
From right ways may I ne’er depart ;
Lord, let my soul enlightened be,
That I may Thy salvation see !

Whate’er within my heart doth rise
That is displeasing in Thine eyes,
Or doth against Thy will rebel,
Do Thou reprove it and expel.

By God’s own blessèd word impart
New life and strength to mind and heart,
Teach me with child-like prayers each day
To walk before Him in the way !

Hymns of the Present Century.

Oh ! fill me with humility,
In sorrow let me patient be,
Content whate'er my God bestows,
For what is best for me He knows !

My faith,—may nothing ever move;
My love,—may it aye faithful prove ;
My hope,—may nothing dim its eye,—
So shall I reach my home on high !

AUGUST HERMANN WALTER.



CONSECRATION.

To Thee, to Thee, away from self,
My soul would ever flee ;
Thine only, I'd be all Thine own,
Then draw me nearer Thee.

The world is empty, and no more
Will I its wealth desire ;
To Thee alone eternally
My heart shall aye aspire.

O my Soul, be Comforted.

What Thou art not, Lord Jesus Christ,
Let me not strive to be !
Let me no longer live on earth,
Dear Saviour, without Thee !

'Thou, only Thou, none else for me,
'There's rest in 'Thee alone ;
What is the world without 'Thee whom
I've chosen for mine own ?

Then die, self-will, die day by day,
Let weary struggles cease,
And let the will renewed by Thee,
In strength, Lord, aye increase !

LUISE HENSEL.



O MY SOUL, BE COMFORTED.

O my soul, be comforted,
Give not way to fear,
Through the very gates of death
Light and life appear !

Hymns of the Present Century.

Do not now thy tears restrain
In their silent flow,
Heav'nward after thy desire,
Nothing doubting go.

Findest thou thyself alone
With thy heart's distress?
Doth not Christ look down on thee
From on high, and bless?
Hearest thou not words of love
In thy narrow walls?
Open standeth now the gate—
Thy Redeemer calls.

Come, and do not let Him leave
Evermore thy breast,
From all vain appearance flee,
In His joy aye rest.
Cling thou fast unto the Lord,
Scared by no alarms,
Till the angels bear thee hence
To the Father's arms.

GUSTAV KNAK.

O my Heart, be thou Content.

O MY HEART, BE THOU CONTENT !

O MY heart, be thou content,
Sink not in despondency !
What thy God to thee hath sent
Nought can ever take from thee.
None can thwart His holy will ;
Tarry, trust, and be thou still,
Boldly tread the path He willeth—
He beginneth and fulfilleth.

Doth thick darkness cover thee ?
Praise Him even in the night !
Lo ! in ways unknown will He
Bring thee forth into the light.
Groweth still the load of care ?
Is it more than thou canst bear ?
Suddenly He'll stand beside thee,
And unto the end will guide thee.

Hymns of the Present Century.

Is the world opposed to thee?
Doth it plot against thy peace?
Praise the Lord, thy friend is He,
For His mercies never cease.
Are His blessings here below
Draped in mourning, pain, and woe?
Praise Him! blessing He bestoweth
In a way that no man knoweth.

Day will dawn on thee at last;
Dost thou not the streaks descry?
Wilt thou backward looks now cast
When the tempest draweth nigh?
Winds and waves His will obey,
Messengers of His are they,
And if nothing else can end it
But a miracle, He'll send it.

Work until thy course be run,
Put all fear away from thee;
What thou hast with Him begun
He will carry out with thee.

The 'Must' Divine.

And though every thing oppose,
Pray, and trust in Him repose :
Faithful at thy post abiding,
For the best He's ever guiding.

VICTOR VON STRAUSS.



THE 'MUST' DIVINE.

AH! must I ever suffer
And struggle day by day?
To heavenly mansions leadeth
None but a blood-stained way.
For joy did God not make me,
For blessedness indeed?
How is it then that sorrow
Must cause my heart to bleed?

Its songs of gladness singing
The lark can soar on high,
The cloud may gently vanish
In golden evening sky ;

Hymns of the Present Century.

The rose may bloom and wither
Beneath the sun's warm kiss,
God's child alone must suffer,—
A bitter 'must' is this !

As better far than roses
Or clouds or larks art thou,
Along the path of sorrow
Thy Father leads thee now.
Come take a seat beside me,
'Neath Calvary's dark tree,
That I the 'must' of trouble
May plainly show to thee.

This 'must' is writ in heaven,
In God's all-wise decree,
That we may learn obedience
Though dark our path may be :
'Tis what the Father willeth,
His purpose fixed, then trust,
O soul, and keep thou silence !
This meaneth the first 'must.'

The 'Must' Divine.

The 'must' thou clearly readest
In this world's life and ways;
The hatred of the wicked
Snares for the godly lays.
The more like Christ the life is
The deeper their distrust,—
It is an ancient conflict;
This is the second 'must.'

The 'must' is found within thee,
Thou needest grief and pain;
Thy heart thus only seeketh
Salvation to obtain.
In soft and flow'ry pathway
The tempter thou dost trust,
The Father's strokes thou needest;—
This, this is the third 'must.'

The 'must' is clearly written
Upon the sacred tree
Whereon, in love, the Saviour
Once shed His blood for thee.

Hymns of the Present Century.

The path o'er which the Master
Himself on earth has passed,
May make disciples tremble :
This 'must,'—this is the last.

In faith, then, be thou steadfast,
Whatever trouble rise,
Let nought of comfort rob thee,
His child doth God chastise :
'Twill not endure for ever,
Soon in the light we'll shine,
And then shall we see clearly,
It was a 'must' divine.

KARL VON GEROK.



LOOK UP.

BEGONE, O load of care, begone,
No longer burden me :
My Father, who the lilies clothes,
Will clothe me willingly.

Look Up.

Am I in sorrow, and alone?
Are board and chamber bare?
My Father who the fowls doth feed,
Still for His child will care.

What is it, then, that troubles me
While on the earth I roam?
I know the Father loveth me,
And soon will call me home.

And there shall I my Saviour see,
And kneel before His throne,
Then shall I in His glory shine,
And know as I am known.

A little while the dream called life
Will all have passed away;
The spirit reconciled shall rise
To its true home for aye.

Then what no ear hath heard, I'll hear;
No eye hath seen, I'll see;
With angel hosts in endless bliss
Transfigured there I'll be.

Hymns of the Present Century.

Then oh, my heart, be glad, rejoice,
To heaven uplifted be !
Howe'er the Lord dispose thy life,
It will be well with thee !

LUISE HENSEL.



WEEP NOT.

ART thou bow'd with grief and anguish,
Dost thou sink beneath the load ?
Care and sorrow never ceasing—
Do they not thy heart corrode ?
Hear thy Saviour's voice now say,
'Son, wipe all thy tears away !'

Happy they who, grief enduring,
Stand in every trial fast !
Jesus prayeth that they faint not,
That God's face they see at last.

Weep Not.

Doth thy neighbour now despise thee,
Doth he slander and deride?
Is he striving thee to injure,
Sowing strife on every side?
Hear thy Saviour's voice now say—
‘Son, wipe all thy tears away!’

Happy they who suffer evil
For the sake of righteousness!
From the love of God divide them
Can no trouble nor distress.

Sunk in sorrow, art thou standing
Thy belov'd one's grave before?
Dost thou long for consolation?
Is thy heart with weeping sore?
Hear thy Saviour's voice now say—
‘Son, wipe all thy tears away!’

Doth not He know all thy lov'd ones?
Who can pluck them from His hand?
Lo! with them He'll re-unite thee
In the everlasting land.

Hymns of the Present Century.

Is thy heart within thee sinking,—
Bowed beneath the sense of sin?
Doth thy judge himself bear witness?
Do thy thoughts accuse within?
Hear thy Saviour's voice now say,
‘Son, wipe all thy tears away!’

He hath borne thy guilt's great burden,
Sorrow's path He did not leave,
To the cross for thee was fastened,
Jesus sinners doth receive.

On the bed of death when lying,
Lov'd ones are surrounding thee,
Praying that thou may'st recover,
Painful will the parting be!
Hear thy Saviour's voice now say,
‘Son, wipe all thy tears away!’

Helpful at thy side He standeth,
In the last and sore distress,
Unto God the Father leadeth,
Crowneth thee with righteousness.

Confidence in God.

Dost thou weep for thy transgressions?

Tears of gratitude may flow,
To the Saviour who to save thee
Drained the cup of pain and woe :
Hear thy Saviour's voice now say,
'Son, wipe all thy tears away !'

'Come, My peace e'en now I'll give thee !—

Mine own peace I leave to thee,
From the woe of earth quite severed,
Come, disciple, come to Me !'

FRIEDRICH AUGUST KÖTHE.



CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

IN every dark and evil hour
Who trusts in God always,
No enemy shall overpower,
No foe shall ever slay,
When bowed beneath the load of grief,
The Saviour then will bring relief,
And every fear allay.

Gymns of the Present Century.

He'll scatter with His keen-edged spear
His enemies, I ween,
And not a hoof or far or near
Shall anywhere be seen ;
Without, within, may be the foe,
But when our Champion comes, we know,
His power He can restrain.

A better Master, one more true,
None ever could desire,
Thrice happy is the bondsman who
Himself to Him doth hire :
So sweet is e'en His slavery
That any might, however free,
To be His slave aspire.

All hunger, nakedness, distress,
He'll compensate for aye,
None e'er can say His faithfulness
Has failed e'en to this day ;

Confidence in God.

And all who in His service live,
Their life and all to Him who give,
He richly will repay.

No trouble e'er the man subdues,
Whose faith is true and clear,
He may all his possessions lose,
Yet sing without a fear.
The lilies of the field now see,
How fresh and well preserved they be,
How green, and of good cheer!

They toil not, neither do they spin,
Yet fair is their array,
E'en Solomon could never win
Such praise for his as they;
The fowls, too, neither sow nor reap,
Yet watch o'er them the Lord doth keep.
He feeds them day by day.

Hymns of the Present Century.

The Lord who feeds the fowls, to thee
Will speedy succour bring,
He'll make the grain, if need should be,
E'en from the ashes spring ;
All hail : that such a Lord is mine,
Whose servants ne'er in want can pine,
At home with Him I'll sing !

ANNETTE ELIZABETH, Baroness of Droste-Hülshoff.



THIS IS THY GOD !

BE comforted, my heart ! God lives for thee !
Thy Father, in the light of heaven on high,
He chose thee ere the world began to be,
He knows thy life, thy weal, thy misery !
A father's love, a mother's care He brought
To thee, e'er yet to Him thou gav'st a thought:
This is thy God !

This is thy God!

Why dost thou sorrow, then? God lives for
thee!

Thy Saviour! He is with thee every day.
He, Son of man became, with thee to be,
To free thee from the curse of sin for aye!
At night He died, but in the morning light
Thy deadly wounds for thee He healeth quite:
This is thy God!

Why art thou weeping, now? God lives for
thee,
Who comfort pours into thy heavy heart;—
Art bowed with care and with infirmity?
He will revive thy faith and strength impart;
The life eternal, who in death's dark hour,
To give to thee the victory hath power:
This is thy God!

My God! of life Thou art the ground and
spring,
Thou hast the lost redeemed again to thee,—
Within the covenant of peace didst bring,

Hymns of the Present Century.

And with the grace of sonship bless e'en me :
O ransomed soul ! thy hallelujahs raise !
How rich art thou, thrice bless'd art thou
always !

Thy God doth live !

DIE VERBORGENE.



THE SUNFLOWER.

FROM the sunflower learn a lesson,
How love constancy doth show,
When the lov'd one is far distant
And the sun is very low.

Is the sun in splendour shining,
Doth he hide his cheering light ?
Still her face she ever turneth
To the heaven both day and night.

On the darksome earth beneath her
Never casteth she her eye,
For her love's bright bliss returneth
To her bosom from the sky.

Brotherly Love.

Is thy soul's sky overclouded?
Never turn thine eye away,
Love the darkened heavens better
Than earth's joys that fade away.

To the mount of God in silence
In the darkness raise thine eyes,
Patience waiteth, love believeth,
Till the morning sun arise.

DIE VERBORGENE.



BROTHERLY LOVE.

PSALM CXXXIII.

How good and fair a thing it is to see
When brethren hand in hand through life
aye go,
When one in spirit, heart, and mind they be !
The ointment that from Aaron's beard did
flow,
Down even to his garment's hem, did ne'er
With such reviving odours fill the air.

Hymns of the Present Century.

The dews that on Mount Hermon's meadows
green,
Descend so freshly in the morning light,
Are ne'er adorned in such a glorious sheen,
As loving brethren in God's eye and light !
For on them shineth as a star God's love,
Salvation, grace, and blessing from above

AUGUST EBRARD



PRAYER.

O FOOLS ! if you your God behold,
And would discern the Lord Most High,
E'en as a stone from darksome pit
That passive meets the frigid eye.

No search of ours can e'er avail,
Though deep our thoughts may be and fleet,
The spirit doth the Spirit know
When He the spirit comes to meet.

Prayer.

Then raise your spirit's wings on high,
Your inmost hearts throw open quite,
Take o'er all hills that pierce the sky,
Unwearied aspiration's flight.

Until He breathe into your soul,
Watch, listen, mourn, in patience bear,
Until your heart with rapture thrills,
Acknowledgment of God is prayer.

And prayer is comfort, balm, and peace,
With joy immersed in God to lie,
It is with God's eternal song
The deepest inward harmony.

'Tis liberty that frees the soul
From earth, no word nor thought between
The soul and God's own Spirit now
Doth any longer intervene.

Mysterious, and yet so clear,
The soul with wonder doth it fill,
A pleasing slumber at the spring,
And yet a blissful waking still.

NICOLAUS LENAU.

Hymns of the Present Century.

THE LOST TREASURE.

I STOOD beside the cold grey sea,
Insatiable did it appear,
The clouds hung o'er it heavily,
I o'er it cast my eye in fear.

There fell and sank beneath the wave,
A precious stone beyond compare,
And where 'twas lost, as in the grave,
I, inconsolable, gazed there.

The loss nought ever can repair,
It ne'er can be brought back again,
E'en though to comfort, as my share,
The whole world's treasure I should gain.

Upon the shore a Man was seen,
A homely son of man was He,
Of humble yet of royal mien,
From far, yet kin He seemed to be.

The Lost Treasure.

So deep His eye, and yet how mild,
He said, 'Who am I? dost thou know?
How poor thou art, how poor, my child!
I saw thy treasure sink below.

'Time lost—that was thy precious stone,
Sin is the ocean thou dost see,
There's reason for thy bitter moan,
But look, my child, I've more for thee.

'I've more than thou hast lost, far more,
I've had it ready long for thee,
Whoe'er can count these treasures o'er?
For Time take thou Eternity.

'Unnumbered hours of service thou
Henceforward from this day canst give,
Safe in thy hand shall they be now,
I'll keep thy jewel, come and live.'

Insatiable is still the sea,
I gaze on it with grief of heart,
Yet more I see—Eternity,
As well as Time, is now my part.

Hymns of the Present Century.

No sorrow now consumeth me,
For my lost costly treasure's sake,
The Comforter who came—e'en He
Full compensation aye doth make.

I live and suffer for Christ's sake,
And now I never lose a day,
Him for my guiding Star I take,
With joy I follow Him alway.'

DIE VERBORGENE. (VON ELSNER.)



'OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF
HEAVEN.'

SWEET as song of nightingale,
Sweet as evening starlight pale,
Childhood's lisping utterance
And its smiling countenance.

Memento Mori.

Beaming from blue eyes so bright,
Heavenly peace and rest and light.
Cheerful, trusting God the while,
Doth it ever on us smile.

In our speech and mien may we
Like to children ever be :
Christ the Lord who came to save,
Here to them the kingdom gave.

HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN.



MEMENTO MORI.

REMEMBER thy mortality,
That Christ the Judge of all will be :
Think on thy ways, how mad is sin.
And e'en this day new life begin.

Confess thy misdeeds, how in heart
Thou from thy God dost oft depart ;
More diligent in future be,
Ere death's dread hour doth come to thee.

Hymns of the Present Century.

'Twill come at last, 'twill not be slow,
When thou must to corruption go,
Save in so far as thou to sin
Dost die, and Christ's salvation win.
Then think of Him to earth who came,
His anguish and His death of shame !
For thee He drank the cup of woe,
Then of His cross be not the foe !
Believe on Him, or upon thee
Poured out the world's dread doom must be :
Oh ! may He keep thee in His hand,
And bring thee to the better land.

JOHANN FRIEDRICH VON MEYER.



PILGRIM AND CITIZEN.

God's pilgrim am I here on earth below,
And wander, holding fast my Shepherd's
hand—

A citizen of heaven I'd gladly be,
For yonder is my real Fatherland.

Pilgrim and Citizen.

My heart is often filled with fear on earth,
How long, O Lord ! will it endure ? I say,
When shall I see Thy gracious countenance
In light eternal ? When will break the day ?

Already do I feel Thy nearness here,
When from the fountain of Thy grace I drink,
And Thy sweet peace incomprehensible
Doth in my guilty burdened spirit sink ;
Then joyfully I from the dust arise,
And cry aloud, ' My God, I do believe,
My heart is free, the clouds have passed away,
I know that Thou dost pardon and receive ! '

Alas ! the blissful times, they do not stay,
For sin within I active find to be !
For flesh and spirit day by day contend,
And Satan often sorely woundeth me.
Thus is my spirit grievously depressed,
And thus my bosom heaveth heavy sighs,
And all my songs of praise are out of tune :
Ah ! were I in my home beyond the skies !

Hymns of the Present Century.

Ah ! no, indeed, pure, full unmingled joys
In this dark vale of weeping never bloom,
Through thorns and briers doth the pathway
 lead,
And light oft giveth place to hours of gloom ;
I therefore long from hence to take my
 flight
To Salem's golden battlements on high,
Where after my brief pilgrimage below
I'll dwell in endless life and majesty !

GUSTAV KNAK.



FOR THE DESERT JOURNEY.

THOU art the Rock who on the desert journey
The wanderer's thirst dost quench with water
 clear,
The manna who 'as angel's food dost feed
 him,
Who givest him all needed strength while
 here.

Revelation.

Thou art the pillar, day and night, who lead-
est,
That from the right path he may never stray,
The Captain who on his behalf aye fightest
Until in Canaan rest with Thee he may.

JULIUS STURM.



REVELATION.

ONLY he can understand
What the Spirit's voice would say,
Who Thy holy word of life
'Treasures in his heart alway,

Wheresoever he may be,
Hearkens with his inward ear,
Riddles dark and wonderful
Makes Thy Spirit to him clear.

JULIUS STURM.

Hymns of the Present Century.

BE THOU WITH ME!

LORD, who within my inmost heart aye
dwestest,

Be Thou with me!

'Thou refuge of my soul in joy and sorrow,
Be Thou with me!

Preserve me, when my cup of bliss o'er-
floweth,

From arrogance;

And when my burdened heart within me
sinketh,

Be Thou with me!

As dew upon the vine, Lord, is Thy blessing,
Else am I weak:

That I may boldly venture on the highest,
Be Thou with me!

On God Alone.

Oh ! 'Thou who art my strength and consolation,

Be Thou with me !

Until my pilgrimage on earth is ended,

Be Thou with me !

EMANUEL GEIBEL.



ON GOD ALONE.

Who on the world doth set his heart
Shall surely bitter sorrow reap,
No promise can it ever keep,
No lasting portion can impart.

Who on the world and God his heart
Divided seeketh to bestow,
No rest, no peace, can ever know,
But pain and grief shall be his part
On God alone—so shall it be—
Who trusts in Him hath refuge sure,
Which shall for evermore endure ;
Below, above, aye bless'd is he !

JULIUS STURM.
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THE CITY OF GOD.

UPON the rock, O gracious Lord !
Establish us, and let Thy word
O'ercome for us the pow'rs of hell.
Thy promise is, who trust in Thee,
The glory of their God shall see :
All who are Thine with Thee shall dwell.

Thou willest, Lord, that when the light
Of endless day, upon the night
Of this our life, shall break, that we,
E'en where Thou art, Thy face shall see.

Thou Sun of life shine on our way,
Until we come to heavenly day,
There shall Thy word be verified ;
And then shall all Thy members rise,
O Elder Brother in the skies !
And shall in Thee be glorified.

The City of God.

Thou art and dost remain the Head,
He who believes what Thou hast said,
The glory from eternity
Prepared for him shall surely see.

New earth, new heaven, shall then arise
At Thy command before all eyes,
When deck'd by Thee Thy bride shall be:
Behold, the first is passed away,
No death, no sorrow enter may
In God's own city built by Thee!

The Lamb's the city's light above,
He won us by the power of love,
To be His bride, from death's dark night,
And life eternal brought to light.

RUDOLPH STIER.



Hymns of the Present Century.

M O R N I N G.

THE night her dark wings spreads and flies
away,

From purple gates the sun ascends the sky,
Plays round' the flow'r-clad hills her golden
ray,

And joyfully the lark mounts up on high.
I slept, my Father, 'neath Thy sheltering
wing,

And watch the dawn with glad and thankful
heart :

To Thee with confidence all cares I bring,
For Thou in time of need my refuge art.

On Thee depending, I my work begin,
A servant, yet by love Divine made free,
On this alone intent, that I may win
Thy blessing, and well-pleasing be to Thee.

Morning.

The world may threaten and may cause me
fear,
But by Thy word emboldened, with brave
heart,
I will the world defy, for Thou art near,
For Thou in time of need my refuge art.

But little do we need on earth below,
If we our highest treasure find in Thee ;
Whate'er I need Thou gladly wilt bestow,
Thine hand is ever open, full, and free.
Thou speak'st, and from the rock the water
springs,
And bread from heaven comes down to me,
my heart
Should therefore never grieve for earthly
things,
For Thou in time of need my refuge art.

Hymns of the Present Century.

On earth I am a stranger and a guest,
From far now beckons me my home above,
Where I at even shall enjoy my rest,
In Thy house, Father, 'fore Thy throne of
love.

Thou hast in mercy, Lord, forgiven me,
Were I to die to-day, yet still my heart
Should not by any terror shaken be,
For Thou in time of need my refuge art.

JULIUS STURM.



FOR THE WORK OF THE DAY.

IN the name of God go forward,
Joyfully thy work pursue ;
Sow thy seed in early morning,
What is done is not to do.

Do not look on what is distant,
With the near work do thy best ;
Thou must sow if thou would'st gather,
Only busy hands shall rest.

Evening Song.

It is dangerous to loiter,
Good it is to work alway ;
Honourable is the sweat-drop
On the brow at close of day.

What will prosper or miscarry,
Canst thou ne'er beforehand know ;
But we know God's blessing ever
Follows all good deeds below.

In the name of God go forward,
Joyfully thy work pursue ;
Sow thy seed in early morning,
What is done is not to do.

K. J. P. SPITTA.



EVENING SONG.

THE busy world its eyes doth close,
And all around is still ;
I'm weary too, I'll seek repose,
Now lay me down, I will :

Hymns of the Present Century.

I'll to my silent chamber hie,
And to my cosy bed,
And angel-guardians from the sky
From ill shall shield my head.

O loving Lord, with moon and stars,
Thou deck'st the midnight sky,
Of heavenly frame hast made the heart
For fellowship on high!
Thou deep within hast made to dwell
The light of heaven above,
That we may filled with blessing be
Through longing for Thy love.

Into my chamber Thou dost go,
O loving God, with me,
Thou sendest angels to my side,
My body-guard to be!
So gently do they thither come,
Such faithful watch they keep,
That nought can ever do me harm,
While sunk in slumbers deep.

Ebening Hymn.

For all the mercies of this day,
For every joy be praise,
I know not how my heart in prayer
With fervour due to raise :
What I desire Thou knowest best,
Most faithful, loving Lord,
I therefore will refrain my lips,
God—is my only word.

ERNST MORITZ ARNDT.



EVENING HYMN.

WEARIED now I seek repose,
Graciously mine eyelids close,
Father, in the hours of sleep
O'er my bed Thy vigil keep.

Have I done amiss to-day?
Turn Thou, Lord, Thine eyes away,
Thy free grace through Jesu's blood .
All the wrong I've done makes good.

Hymns of the Present Century.

All who are near and dear to me,
Let them, Lord, be kept by Thee !
All men to earth's utmost end
To Thy care I now commend.

Grant to troubled hearts repose,
Weeping eyes in mercy close,
Those who still in darkness are
Let them see the wise man's star !

LUISE HENSEL.



THE TRAVELLER'S EVENING SONG.

'THE fields and woods all silence keep,
For gone is the sun's light,
And from the firmament above
Shine forth the stars so bright ;
And clear from out the silent soul
A beam shines wondrously,
From Him who sits enthroned for aye
In heav'nly halls on high.

The Traveller's Evening Song.

How wretched and how lonely here
The child of man would be,
If from above so soft and mild
This beam he ne'er could see,
He would be nought but vanity,
A quiv'ring leaf he'd seem,
A grain of sand upon the shore,
A vision of a dream.

Life undulates from place to place,
And never knows repose,
Onward, impelled by its own haste,
In eager flight it goes ;
It rusheth like a foaming sea
That knoweth not a shore,
Like drops in the wild element
Doth toss us evermore.

Then come, O Thou who bringest peace,
Thou God, in silent night,
Where clearly sounds the angel-bell
'Neath the stars' golden light.

Hymns of the Present Century.

Come, kindle in my poor dark heart
The light of Thine own love,
And draw my thoughts in every hour
E'en to Thy heaven above.

Come, Father, with Thine angel host,
Thy goodness aye doth dure,
Thou art the only sure defence,
The only refuge sure !
The might of man is nothingness,
'Tis idle vanity,
What God doth guard is guarded well—
Now and eternally.

ERNEST MORITZ ARNDT.



BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX.



ARNDT, ERNST MORITZ. Born December 16th, 1769, at Schoritz, in the Island of Rügen. Died at Bonn on the Rhine, January 29th, 1860. Professor in Griefswald, and later in life at Bonn. The author of numerous patriotic songs, and of books designed to rouse the spirit of the Germans to resistance to Napoleonic rule, as well as books of travel, etc. He published his spiritual songs separately in 1855.

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BRENTANO, CLEMENS. Born at Ehrenbreitstein, September 8th, 1788. Died at Aschaffenburg, July 28th, 1842. Devoted himself to literature. With the exception of a few years spent at Dulmer he led a wandering life. The well-known *Lorelei Legend*, which charms every tourist on the Rhine, was his sole invention, and is not of ancient origin at all. Heine and others have rendered it poetically. He was one of

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the editors of *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, a collection of old German popular songs. His spiritual songs are deeply experimental.

The Sufferings of Christ	page 22
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—♦—

DIEPENBROCK, MELCHIOR, BARON VON. Born Bocholt, January 6, 1798. Died at Johannisberg, January 19th, 1853, as Cardinal and Prince-bishop of Breslau. He translated Latin, Spanish, and Italian poems. He executed his work with much taste.

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—♦—

DROSTE-HÜLSHOFF, ANNETTE ELIZABETH VON. Born on the 10th of January, 1797, at the ancient family seat near Münster. Her poetical genius was early developed, and she won a foremost place among the poetesses of her time. Her poetry is chiefly narrative. She never introduces the passion of love. Only in *The Spiritual Year* does she reveal anything of her inward life. Of a delicate constitution, she lived a secluded life, and died on the 24th of May, 1848.

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—♦—

EBERARD, AUGUST. Born at Erlangen, January 18th, 1818. Professor first in Zürich, and afterwards for a time at Erlangen. Appointed Consistorial

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Councillor and Chief Preacher in Speyer in 1853. Returned to Erlangen in 1861, where he delivered theological lectures, and in 1871 became pastor of the French Reformed Church. His writings are well known to theological readers in England. In 1852 he published a metrical version of thirty-three of the Psalms.

Brotherly Love *page* 91



GEIBEL, EMANUEL. Born at Lübeck on the 18th of October, 1815. Died in the spring of 1884, at Munich. Was a private tutor in Athens in 1838. Became Professor of Poetry in Munich. A voluminous poet. Ardent love of freedom and fatherland and deep piety are combined in his poetry.

Be Thou with me. *page* 102



GEROK, KARL VON. Born at Stuttgart on the 30th of January, 1815. After holding other positions in different places in the Church, he was appointed preacher in Stuttgart, where he at present resides, holding the offices of Prelate, Chief Court Preacher, and High Consistorial Councillor. His religious poems are chiefly Biblical, and have enjoyed an immense popularity.

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HAGENBACH, KARL RUDOLF. Born at Basle, March 4th, 1801, where he ultimately became Professor of Theology. His *History of the Church*, his *History of Doctrine*, etc., are known to theological readers everywhere. He has published also volumes of poems, the first of which was a cycle of song entitled *Luther and his Time*.

‘I Thirst’ page 40



HENSEL, LUISE. Born at Linum in Brandenburg, March 30th, 1798. Died December 18th, 1876, at Paderborn. Was employed in various parts of Germany as a governess, and frequently in nursing. Her hand was sought in marriage by Clemens Brentano, and, through his father, by one of the princes of the house of Salm, who was attracted, doubtless, by her beauty, amiability, and piety. But she lived and died unmarried. In 1818 she entered the Roman Catholic Church. ‘I sing as the bird sings,’ she says, ‘I have never made songs, they grow out of my heart.’ Her hymns were first published without her knowledge by her friend Cardinal von Diepenbrock. A complete collection has since been published.

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Biographical Index.

HOFFMANN, A. HEINRICH, usually called HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN. Born at Fallersleben in Lüneburg, April 2nd, 1798. Died at Corvey, January 19th, 1874. Professor of German language and literature in the University of Breslau. Afterwards Librarian at the former Benedictine Abbey of Corvey, on the Weser. In addition to a good deal of political poetry, he wrote excellent children's songs. He wrote also a history of Church song up to the time of Luther, and monographs of several hymn writers.

‘Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven’ . . . page 96



KNAK, GUSTAV. Born in Berlin, July 12th, 1806. Died at Dünnow, near Stofpmunde, on the 27th of July, 1878. His first pastorate was in Pomerania, where his ministry was much blessed. He took a considerable part in the great Pomeranian Revival of 1844. In 1849 he became minister of the Bethlehem Church in Berlin. Crowds of all classes flocked to hear him. His hymns have been published under the title *Zion's Harp*. A supplement, *Love for Love*, has also been issued. He has been very happily described as “the M'Cheyne of Germany.”

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KNAPP, ALBERT. Born on the 25th of July, 1798, at Tübingen. Died at Stuttgart on the 18th of June, 1864. Served in the ministry of the Lutheran Church at different places, the last and most important post held by him being the City Preachership at St. Leonard's Church, Stuttgart. He was the author of several volumes of poetry, secular as well as sacred, the compiler and editor of the *Evangelischer Liederschatz*, containing over 3000 hymns, by about 500 authors, selected from all periods of German hymn singing. The *Christoterpe*, a Christian annual, in which much of the best sacred poetry of the period was contained, was issued in 1833, and carried on by him till 1853. He issued editions of the hymns of Zinzendorf, Gottfried, Arnold, and others. Alike as hymn poet and hymnologist a high place must be assigned to him among the writers of this century.

Praise of Jesus	page 25
The Comforter	63



KÖTHE, F. AUGUST. Born at Lübben, in the Niederlausitz, on the 30th of July, 1781. Died, October 23rd, 1850, at Allstadt, in the Duchy of Saxe-Weimar Eisensach. Professor of Theology and Garrison Preacher at Jena till necessitated by ill health to seek a less exacting position. He then became Superintendent Minister at Allstadt. He was one of

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the most active agents in bringing about the revival of a believing theology after the reign of Rationalism. Among other books he published a popular edition of Melanchthon's works, with a biography. He wrote also a rendering of the Psalms for public worship and a number of hymns. Much of his literary work was done during prolonged and severe suffering.

Weep not page 82



LANGE, J. PETER. Born on the 10th of April, 1802, near Elberfeld. Was a pastor for some years. Became Professor of Dogmatic Theology and Church History at Zürich in 1841. In 1854 went to Bonn as Professor of Systematic Theology. His *Life of Christ* and his *Homiletic Commentary*, which have been translated into English, are well and widely known. His hymns have been collected in a volume, with the title *Von Oelberge* (From the Mount of Olives). His hymnological labours are embodied in his *Book of Spiritual Songs for Church, School, and Family*.

In the Light of the Cross page 45



LEITLOFF, HEINRICH. Born, May, 1806, at Allerheiligen, in the Principality of Oels. Became pastor at Mlietsch, near Lüben, in Silesia.

To my Saviour page 29

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LENAU, NICOLAS, (nom de plume for NICOLAS NIEMBSCH). Born, August 13th, 1802, at Csatađ, near Temesvar. Died, August, 1851. One of the most distinguished lyrical poets of Germany in the second quarter of the century. For years he was the prey of distressing doubts. When about to marry, in 1844, he was suddenly overtaken by a mental malady, from which he never recovered.

Prayer page 92

MEYER, J. F. VON. Born on the 12th of September, 1772, at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Died there, January 28th, 1849. Rose to be a Senator, Sheriff (Schöpp), and Syndic, and President of the Appellate and Criminal Court. He wrote numerous articles on philosophical, archæological, and literary subjects. His most important writings, however, were theological. He revised Luther's version of the Bible, and annotated it. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon him by the University of Erlangen. His poems, which are marked by deep feeling, were published in the poetical section of the *Hesperiden*.

Memento mori page 97

MORAHT, ADOLF. Born at Hamburg, November 28th, 1805. Early in life he took part in the work of the Inner Mission. In 1838 he became Second

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Preacher at Möllen, in the Duchy of Lauenburg. In 1846 he was advanced to be First Preacher. A collection of his hymns, under the title *Harfenklänge* (Harp Sounds), has been published. Others not included in this book are scattered through various collections. In 1873 he issued *Twelve Poems for the Times*. (Patriotic Harp Sounds).

Bethel	page 11
Christ All in All	31



SCHENKENDORF, FERDINAND MAX VON. Born at Tilsit, December 11th, 1784. Died at Coblenz as Councillor of the Government, December 17th, 1817. He took part in the war of liberation from the Napoleonic ascendancy. His poems, many of which live in the mouths of the people, breathe the spirit of warm patriotism, combined with genuine faith.

The Ascension	page 28
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SPITTA, K. J. P. Born at Hanover, August 1st, 1801. Died, September 28th, 1859, at Burgdorf. He served the Church in several positions,—as Assistant Minister, Military Chaplain, Chaplain to a convict prison, in a country parish, and as Superintendent. His poetical genius was early developed, and he was led to devote it exclusively to sacred song. His *Psaltery and Harp*, first published in 1833, reached

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its fifty-first edition in 1885. In 1843 a second collection appeared, the thirty-ninth edition of which was issued in 1885. A third collection was posthumously published in 1861, which went through five editions in twelve years. Much of his poetry is specially fitted for domestic and private use. English translations of his hymns are found in most of our hymn books.

Dwell in Christ	<i>page</i> 37
Return Again	60
For the Work of the Day	108

STEIGER, KARL. Preacher of the Reformed Church and Ecclesiastical Councillor in Canton St. Galle. His poems were published in 1861.

Faith	<i>page</i> 39
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STIER, RUDOLF EWALD. Born in the year 1800, at Fraustadt, in Posen. Died at Eisleben, December 16th, 1862. He was one of the Masters in the 'Teachers' Seminary at Gumbinnen, then for a few years a teacher in the Mission Institute at Basle. His first parish, where he spent the ten happiest and most fruitful years of his life, both as a pastor and a theologian, was Frankleben, near Merseburg. Crowds flocked to hear him from neighbouring places. He was less happily situated in the subsequent charges which he held. As a Biblical theologian he is well known to many readers in England. It is only ne-

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cessary to refer to his *Words of the Lord Jesus*. His *Christian Poems* were published in 1825, and a new and enlarged edition was issued in 1845. In 1835 he published an Evangelical hymn book for Church use. The extent to which he altered the text of the hymns hindered its general acceptance.

The City of God page 104



STRAUSS, VICTOR VON. Born at Bückeburg on 18th of September, 1809. The appearance of his namesake's *Life of Christ* led him to make a thorough study of the subject, and renounce the Rationalism which he had embraced in his college days under the influence of Niemeyer and Wegscheide in Halle. He entered the service of the Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe, and filled several important offices of state. He was Ambassador to the Federal Diet at Frankfort, and was made an Austrian noble. After his retirement from the public service he lived at Erlangen first, and afterwards at Dresden, devoting himself to literary pursuits. His *Lieder aus der Gemeinde für das Kirchenjahr*, and his *Kirchliches und Weltliches* contain his best hymns. His hymnological labours comprise a *Life of Gerhardt*, and an appendix to the *Schaumburg-Lippe Hymn Book*. He stands in the front rank of hymn writers of the present century.

The Advent of Christ page 13

O my heart, be thou content 75

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STURM, JULIUS. Born at Köstritz, in the Principality of Reuss, on the 21st of June, 1816. Was tutor to the Prince Henry LXIV. In 1850 he became Pastor of Göschitz, near Schleiss, and in 1858 succeeded his father in his parish at Köstritz. A volume of sacred and secular poems which he published in 1850 was well received by the public. In 1852 his *Fromme Lieder* were published. Many of the hymns which appear for the first time in this volume were written in a time of deep sorrow, caused by the sudden death of his first wife. Other volumes followed. His hymns for Holy Communion are worthy of special notice.

Love to the Saviour	page 48
For the Desert Journey	100
Revelation	101
On God Alone	103
Morning	106



VERBORGENE, DIE. The name of one lady who wrote under this veil was Von Elsner. She was born at Quedlinburg, and became the wife of a pastor who had a parish in Switzerland. Two volumes of prose and verse by her, dedicated to Queen Elizabeth of Prussia, with a preface by Count von Bethmann-Hollweg, appeared in 1852, under the title *Aus den Papieren einer Verborgenen*.

The Lost Treasure	page 94
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There is apparently another lady writer who used the same veil, the author of *Beneath the Starry Sky*. Under this signature Meta Heusser first published her hymns.

Beneath the Starry Sky	page 55
This is thy God	88
The Sunflower	90



WALTER, AUGUST HERMANN. Born at Leipzig, March 7th, 1817. Became Catechist and Afternoon Preacher in the Church of St. Peter, Leipzig. It was not till he had been engaged for some time in this work that he attained to full faith in Christ. The political agitations of 1848 and 1849 affected him deeply, and led him to value more highly a settled faith. During his enforced leisure at this time most of his prayer-songs for the 'Christian Youth,' which appeared in 1849, under the title *Opfer und Gelübde*, were written. A difficulty of hearing, from which he had suffered in his student days, and which increased since an illness he had in 1845, necessitated at last his retirement from the ministry. This affliction was one of the means used by God in his conversion. After his retirement he was obliged to support himself and those dependent on him by correcting for the press.

To the Trinity	page 13
'Thou hast the Words of Eternal Life'	47
'Come, Holy Spirit'	71

Biographical Index.

ZELLER, ERNST ALBERT, VON. Born at Heilbronn, November 6th, 1804. Died, 23rd December, 1877. Studied medicine. Became Director of the Lunatic Asylum at Winnenthal, near the town of Winnenden, with the title of Court Councillor in 1838. During forty-four years he attended 3600 patients, and was much blessed in his work. His *Songs of Suffering* were matured during a time of trial in 1847, when he lost his wife. They were intended only for his intimate friends, but were published with additions in Berlin. The sixth edition appeared in 1873. A good many of his hymns appeared first in Knapp's *Christoterpe*.

'I've ventured, and I'll venture still' . page 42



